SUPPLEMENT TO

THE FRIEND.

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THE FRIEND.

OCTOBER 17. 1881.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Memorial Service at Fort Street.

A large audience assembled in Fort Street church last Thursday, to show their respect for the memory of the late President. The church had been beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. Over the organ recess was a light festoon of flags. The Hawaiian in the centre, caught up with heavy masses of black; and on each side the American. In large letters extending across the upper part of the organ pipes was the single name Garfield. Below was a beautiful cross of white stephanotis, looking exquisitely bright and beautiful. The rail of the choir had a handsome wreath of white flowers in the centre, and at either side massive boquets of ferns and white flowers, throughout the lightness of the central decorations. The table on the platform was draped with the American national flag, partly shrouded with black crape, and here again was a beautiful arrangement of light ferns and flowers. The gallery at the back of the church was draped in black and white and in the centre, overshadowed with heavy folds of funeral black, was the portrait of the illustrious dead.

While the audience were assembling, the band played a number of pieces suitable to the occasion, the most noticeable being Chopin's funeral march; that most hopeless of all funeral music, more heathen than Christian in sentiment, and yet possessing that subtle beauty which Christian chuch music has seldom attained to.

At 11 A. M., minute guns were fired from the battery and minute bells were tolled. Shortly after that hour, the strains of the national anthem, softly played, annouuced the arrival of her Majesty the Queen. The assemblage rose as Her Majesty entered She walked up the aisle leaning on the arm of General Comly, and was followed by His Excellency Governor Dominis, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn and three staff officers. Shortly after the tones of the organ were heard, commencing on the unison passage which introduces the *Quando Corpus* of Rossini's *Stabat Mater;* most meloncholy in the effect of its fugue passages, and finally breaking into chords giving hope of brighter and more joyous things than this earth can offer; the selection was well made, and Mr. Jones did his subject every justice. Modulating from the last tones of his voluntary, Mr. Jones skillfully led into the music of the anthem, *Thy Will Be Done;* the voices commenced pianissimo, rose gradually and then died away again to a faint breath of musical sound at the words, "Thy will be done." The Rev. J. A. Cruzan, in a very effective manner, then repeated the Lord's prayer; this was followed by the chant "Blessed are the dead,' which was sung sitting. Next the Rev. S. C. Damon read Psalm No. 93. and immediately after the organ hushed all sounds in the church, by one of the softest and sweetest interludes, which introduced the Quartette, sung by Mrs. Hanford, Miss Jones, Mr. W. W. Hall and President Jones, this piece was unaccompanied, but the four voices rang out clear and true, and the effect after so much instrumental music, was very solemn and restful A reading of the scripture, Corinthians, XV, was given by the Bev. S. C. Damon, and then the choir sang the anthem "O thou afflicted," commencing with a fine fugue passage in which the bass voice told magnificently. The Rev. C. M. Hyde delivered a prayer; followed by a response from the choir "Hear my prayer," and choir and congregation united in singing hymn 485. All this was a fitting preparation for the very fine address deilivered by Rev. J. A. Cruzan spoke with feeling and yet with force; no one could have listened to all that beautiful music, so exquisitely rendered, without having some of the very best and deepest feelings of the heart touched but the address went even deeper than the power of music ever can, it touched the inward sanctuary of every man's heart, who could sit unmoved at the picture drawn of the beautiful home-life of Garfield, at his tender solicitude for his mother, at his affection for his children? We may admire the statesman, the soldier, the clear-headed man of business, but we are touched with a far higher feeling when we contemplate the son and the husband. Mr. Cruzan dwelt wisely upon this part of Garfield's character, and we feel sure that it must have required a strong effort of that self-control, which the modern civilized man so prides himself upon, but which the ancient Roman cared nothing for to keep the tear from coursing down his cheek. We give Mr. Cruzan's address in another column, but we cannot give the modulations of the voice, the appropriate gestures and the true sympathy of the speaker with his subject; these things types and paper cannot give.

After the address, the choir and congregation once more joined in a hymn, and with one word or so of dismission the assemblage was dispersed to its homes; and the memorial services for President Garfield were at an end.

Among those present on this occasion we noticed H. B. M's. Commissioner and Consul-General, the Commissioner of the French Republic, the members of the Cabinet, the Judges ef the Supreme Court, the Consular Corps and a very large number of our most prominent citizens of all nationalities and creeds, showing how wide-spread was the sorrow for the sad event.—*Gazette.*

Services at St. Andrews.

The service at St. Andrews' Cathedral on Sunday evening in commemoration of the death of President Garfield, opened by the "Dead March in Saul," played as a voluntary by the organist Mr. Wray Taylor; a fitting prelude to the solemn evening which followed. The glad strains of the magnificate were hushed in a Minor Chant and the Nunc Dimittis was sung in the same mournful tone. Special lessons from Holy Scripture were read instead of those appointed for the day. The first from II Samuel III, relating the murder of Abner by Joab. The second from Romans XIII, concerning "subjection and many other duties we owe to the magistrates. The hymns were most appropriate to the solemn occasion being:—

"O worship the King all glorious above."
"Days and moments all quickly flying."
"A few more years shall roll, a few more suns shall set."

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Honolulu. A large number of people including the Minister Resident of the United States, Major Wodehouse, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn and many other prominent citizens were present.—*Gazette.*

Memorial Services at the Bethel, Sabbath Morning.

A service was held at the Bethel Church on Sunday morning last, in memory of the

late President Garfield. An impressive and instructive discourse, appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Damon, which we print in full in to-day's issue. The floral decorations about the pulpit, arranged by the ladies of the congregation, were simple but tasteful and beautiful. The singing by a full choir of ladies and gentlemen was excellent, the hymns selected being the well-known compositions of Montgomery, beginning—"Servant of God, Well Done," and "Go to the Grave in all Thy Glorious prime." The services were concluded with the anthem—"God bless our Native Land." The church was filled by an attentive audience, among whom we noticed the United States Minister Resident and lady.—*Hawaiian Gazette.*

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE OR PULPIT REFLECTIONS,

ON THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT GARFIELD,

PREACHED BY

REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D.,

In the Bethel Chapel, Honolulu, Sabbath Morning, Oct. 9th, 1881.

ISAIAH LV: 8-9. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

During many weary days and weeks, a great nation most anxiously awaited the result of the assassin's fatal ball. They had been days and weeks of terrible suspense. Alternate hopes and fears had elevated or depressed the heart of the nation. Such a conflict of emotions in the bosom of a single individual is quite distressing, but when that feeling is intensified, by being participated in, by a great nation keenly alive in every pulsation of its mighty throbbing heart, then comes a feeling of terrible conflict and distress altogether indescribable. After seventy-nine days of this alternate elevation and depression, the announcement flashes over the wires, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to foreign lands, "President Garfield is dead." The noble Chief Magistrate, the upright public functionary, the affectionate father, the true husband, the filial son, the sincere Christian and genuine friend, is no more, but sleeps in death. The cause or causes, which have conspired to the result of this sad and melancholy event, are of a nature to arrest universal attention, and make a solemn impression upon the whole civilized world. Not only has it clad fifty millions of American citizens in the garments of the mourner, but foreign nations and foreign courts have put on the mourner's badge. Each mourner might in heart-felt sorrow, break forth in the sad and dirge-like language of England's great poet, the immortal Milton over Lycidas:

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear,
Compel me to disturb your season due:

For President Garfield is dead,—dead in his manly, noble prime,—dead when, to human view, his life and character, ability and statesmanship, were most needed to rule over and guide the political affairs of a great nation. But hark! I hear a voice, coming over the continents, and down the centuries, from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of these shall not fall to the ground without your father." And another voice I hear, uttered seven centuries before, "For my thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Without stopping to speak of dates or refer to details which are so abundantly and copiously presented to the reading public by the journalists of the day, it has appeared as if this memorable event was suggestive of reflections which could be most appropriately commented upon in the pulpit. It appears as if the present was the season for the pulpit to give utterance to its most solemn warnings, moral sayings and evangelical teachings. When God speaks it is becoming in mortal man to keep silent and listen. Is not God now speaking? Is He not now saying to all rulers and nations, "By me kings reign?" For well saith the Psalmist, "promotion cometh neither from the east nor the west, nor from the south. But God is the Judge; he puteth down one and setteth up another." I come before this audience with no mere loosely expressed ideas upon God's sovereign rule over this world and universe, but as an eminent Divine (President Washburn, of Robert's College, at Constantinople) declares, "We believe that God permitted the assassin to fire this shot, we believe that he might have prevented it, but that in His wisdom, He did not choose to do so. In this sense it was His act. We have asked Him to mitigate the dreaded consequences of this act, by sparing the life of the President." But God has not, in this respect answered our prayers. Let us then enquire what are some of God's teachings in view of this sad event.

Firstly. The death of President Garfield leads to reflection upon the uncertainty of human life, and all human plans. This is a lesson which God is ever teaching us, but on some occasions far more impressively than on others. The present is one wherein God has seen fit to impress this truth on a great nation and the world, by removing the President of a nation, which had chosen him to be their Chief Ruler. Never has a President entered upon the duties of his high position, with fairer prospects of usefulness and honor, or with a more reasonable prospect of living to terminate the period, for which he was chosen, and perhaps even another four years. He was physically hale and healthy,—possessing those physical and mental elements naturally indicative of long life. The language of Shakspeare might well be uttered, when beholding him as he walked on that fatal morning to take the train, "How noble in reason! In form and moving how express and admirable!" The Great Nation was proud of her noble President, intellectually and morally. He was a noble specimen of the American people. He was born in the heart of the Great Nation, and had grown with the Nation's growth; had fought the Nation's battles and escaped the death-dealing weapons of war; but in a moment, the most unexpected receives the assassin's wound, terminating in his death. How it confirms the declaration of the Son of Man, when on earth: "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." When King David reviewed his miraculous escape, on a certain occasion, he exclaimed: "Truly, as the Lord liveth, there is but a step between me and death." If the fallen President could have but taken one step, the fatal ball would have passed him; but it was not so to be,—God had, for wise "reasons," ordered otherwise; and it is for us, short-sighted mortals, to bow our heads and say: "Not our will, but Thine be done." It is in vain for us to reason, why did not God order otherwise; just as well might we make the same remark, touching other events of life. This is no accident, no chance event; it teaches us this lesson, to trust in God, the Sovereign Ruler; who would ever impress upon our minds the solemn truth that life is uncertain, but death is certain?

Secondly. Is not this sad calamity designed to bring a great nation to sober reflection? A nation does not appear at its best estate and in its most healthy condition, when engaged in war or when rushing onward in a mad career of worldly prosperity, and "all hearts are chilled in the eager pursuit of wealth," and when the motto is, "to the victors belong the spoils." Now this was just the lamentable state of political affairs when the attention of the whole country is suddenly arrested by the terrible news of President Garfield's assassination. The first burst of furious indignation breaks upon the doomed head of the man who has dared to plot and execute so hellish a deed. While the murdered President lies suffering and pining away, thoughtful men, and patriotic statesmen and humble Christians, enquire, "Is Guiteau the only sinner among the millions of America? Is not this odious and detestable deed shared in by many others?" Many eminent writers do not hesitate to declare in print "that this crime was the result of the 'spoils system.'" God deals with nations on the principle that he deals with individuals. National sins bring down Heaven's displeasure. "The assassination of President Garfield was a judgment upon our nation." Thus good and noble, patriotic and true men reason. The nation is made up of individuals, now so far as individuals uphold the "spoils system" or any other great national sin or crime, leading to such crimes, just so far individuals are guilty of Garfield's assassination. God has brought the nation to serious and sober reflection, and if the result shall be to lead to national reforms, then Garfield will not have died in vain. How often has the assassination of Lincoln been attributed to slavery? May we not with equal propriety say, that Garfield's assassination may be attributed to that miserable system of spoliation, which is deplored by all good citizens and true patriots? The American people are reflecting upon this subject, and not a moment too soon.

(Read "Assassination and The Spoils System," in Princeton *Review* for September, 1881.)

Thirdly. The assassination and death of President Garfield has led the American people—certainly—all true Christians of every denomination in that land, to reflect upon the subject of prayer. I do not believe so many earnest and fervent prayers were ever before offered in the space of two-and-a-half months, offered from the 2d of July to the 19th of September. As the long summer days have slowly passed away, how many earnest prayers have gone up that God would spare the life of the beloved President! The history of the world and of prayer presents but few parallels like it. All believing in prayer have most earnestly prayed. Governors have called upon the people of their Several States to pray. Religious bodies and Conventions have prayed. Millions of private Christians have prayed. God has not seen fit to answer these prayers, in exact accordance with the thoughts and wishes of the petitioners. As a rule, however, God either answers our prayers in accordance with our petitions or He gives us something better. We must remember the words of the text, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. The people have prayed that President Garfield might be spared. This was a right prayer, but if God has seen fit he should die, may it not be proved true that his death shall result in a far greater blessing than Garfield's life? Life and death are mysterious subjects. Christ said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." What marvellous words! How far reaching their mysterious influence, have we not been told in eloquent words in Fort Street Church, two days ago, how Garfield's death had made the American people one?

We are not living in a universe of chaos and disorder. "As in the vast and mysterious laboratory of the physical universe," (remarks one who has long meditated upon this subject—the Rev. T. Coan,) "God is analyzing, combining and centralizing all elements, all forces, all changes, bringing order out of apparent confusion, and shining worlds out of chaotic darkness; so in the moral universe, His unseen hand is ever busy controlling all spiritual dynamics, evolving good out of evil, light out of darkness, allegiance out of rebellion, love out of hatred, peace out of war and life out of death. Above the clouds, darkness and tempest, above the ruin and wreck of wars, of intemperance, of selfishness, of oppression, of brutality, [of assassination] above the awful darkness and superstition of our race, above the seething and surging of human passions, and above all, the bad elements of fallen natures, Jehovah speaks in a voice which reassures his toiling, weeping, fainting servants amidst the din and conflict of earth and which awakes echoing shouts on the heavenly hills,

"Behold I make all things new," and again I repeat the words of my text. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Fourthly. The death of President Garfield appears admirably designed to humble the nation. Humility in an individual is one of the noblest Christian graces, but how much more when manifested in a great nation made up of fifty millions. Ninevah is an example, when humbled by the preaching of Jonah. The American people are inclined to pride and boastfulness. These are their peculiar national sins. They are a rich people and becoming more so. The result is to foster national pride and vanity. How few in their pride and success stop to reflect that God rules and governs the nation. Remember those words of Moses, in the 18th of Deuteronomy, "Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God,—Lest when thou hast eaten and are full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein. And when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied. Then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God. ** And thou say in thy heart, my power, and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth the power to get wealth." Now have not the American people transgressed in this very particular? Have they said in pride, "Is not this great Babylon,—[this great nation]—that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty." While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, the Kingdom is departed from thee." You know how that proud King was made, for seven long years to live among the beasts, as a punishment for his pride. But at the end of that period, he came forth an humbled and better man and wiser King.

God has been pursuing a different method of discipline to humble the pride of the American people, but it is fervently to be hoped this method of God's disciplinary Providence will prove as effectual as in the case of Babylon's King. The American people do appear to be calling their sins to remembrance. If the death of their President shall cause them to bow their heads in humility and reverence before God, and truly to exemplify the motto upon their coin, "In God we trust," then the President's death will not have been in vain. Do we not read, in our Bibles, "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth?" Surely, God is now chastening the American people, as a Nation. "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grevious; nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceful fruit of righteousness."

Very many are the impressive lessons taught by this sad and memorable event. Some of these I have noticed, but others will continue to suggest themselves to all thoughtful minds. These and others will call forth comments and reflections by the present and future generations. Political writers, historians and divines will never cease to give utterance to their sentiments and opinions upon these subjects. Three centuries after the assassin Balthazar Gerard put an end to the noble life and career of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, on the 10th of July, 1584, the historian, Motley, thus remarks: "The Prince was entombed amid the tears of a whole nation. Never was a more extensive and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of a human being. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation; and when he died, the little children cried in the streets." After a similar manner will future historians of America write respecting the death of him whose loss we now so deeply lament.

There is one feature of his noble life, upon which the American people will dwell with peculiar, genuine and heartfelt delight. I refer to his domestic virtues. Upon President Garfield, as an affectionate son, devoted husband, tender-hearted father and sincere friend, the millions now living, and future millions of Americans, will never cease to dwell with fond delight and ever fresh enthusiasm. His life, with that of Washington, Lincoln, and many others of our noble Presidents and statesmen, will be kept in perpetual remembrance. The Nation inherits a rich and lasting legacy in the lives and characters of these good Presidents and patriots.

My closing reflection relates to President Garfield as the Christian Man. Many have dwelt upon his career as a promising lad desirous of acquiring an education, upon his character as a statesman, as a scholar, and a patriot; but I regard his Christianity as his crowning glory. As ages roll away, I trust it may become more and more true, that the world and the poets will continue to extol honesty by saying: "An honest man is the noblest work of God;" but it should be remembered that Christianity is at the foundation of all true honesty. President Garfield was not only honest, but a Christian. In that, his true greatness was conspicuous, and as such he was worthy to rule over a Christian Nation, of fifty millions, who now lament his untimely death; and they are joined in this lamentation by the millions of other lands, with the noble and beloved Christian Queen of England and Empress of India, leading the grand procession of mourners. How solemn and impressive the scene when so many of earth's inhabitants thus mourn the death of the honored and beloved President of the United States!

THE CHINESE CHURCH FAIR

Held on last Thursday afternoon and evening in the vestry room of Fort Street Church, was a very interesting and successful affair. The Caucasian and Mongolian assembled on this occasion to carry out a scheme of brotherhood, and to celebrate a fraternal love feast.

The grounds of the church were illuminated with an array of Chinese lanterns. It was a Feast of Lanterns to promote the worship of the true God. Inside was a striking display of quaint Chinese dragon patern drapery; and of Chinese tapestry, and spangled silks; and a lot of gentlemen *en queue*, and a number of neat, cleanly Chinese women in their old home costume, with a lot of odd looking pretty dainty, quaintly dressed Chinese babies, and youngsters of all ages, all of which presented a lively impression of the great Flowery Land. And interblended, yet directing and ruling the occasion, were bevies of beautiful, graceful, and assiduous Caucasian ladies; and the busy man of western progress, whose yearly round of schemes, is said by the poet to be better than "a cycle of Cathay." That may be; but to open away to the hearts of four hundred millions of our fellow beings, seemed a big occasion. And we thought

as we stood in the midst of the pressing throng of gay, cheerful, and perspiring people (the evening was very warm); and looked at the gracious and busy ladies, presiding in the "gallery of art," and at the tables; and ran over momentarily in our mind the history of Chinese association with other races and nations; we thought, thus. Would there have ever been a massacre in Batavia, if Valckenier had promoted Chinese church fairs? Would Rajah Brooke have been driven out of Sarawak amid blood and fire, to retaliate with more blood and more fire, and plant the seeds of eternal hatred; if the ladies of his society and little court, had been making up goods and superintending tables for Chinese welfare? And would hatred and massacre have raged in Siam, Sumatra, Peru, and Cuba, as they have done, between European and Mongolian; if there had been any endeavor for mutual understanding, fraternization, and peace? Never—Our fellow men of many lands, have many ingrained prejudices hard for us to understand; but the human heart will respond happily to the touch of true love and brotherhood everywhere. And we were glad to be at the Fair last night to contribute a mite towards promoting Chinese instruction, feeling assured, that every dollar given this way, is worth more than a hundred collected in the shape of taxes for augmenting our police force.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Likelike was there, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, His Ex. Governor Dominis, and of course J. T. Waterhouse, the chief patron of the church was there, also Rev. Dr. Damon, Rev. Dr. Hyde, Rev. A. Macintosh, Rev. J. A. Cruzan, Prof. Frank Damon, the soul of the occasion, and a noble throng of ladies and gentlemen.

The ladies who so busily and pleasantly presided at the sales tables; Mrs. J. T. Waterhouse, Mrs. Bickerton, Mrs. W. W. Hall, Mrs. A. Herbert, Mrs. Haalelea, Miss Payson, Mrs. Lewers, Miss Afong, Mrs. Rev. A. Macintosh, Miss Judd, Miss Parke, and many others; also Miss Winter and Miss Chamberlain, at the "Gallery of Fine Arts," realized altogether the handsome sum of $1423 40; amount received previously, $297 85; total, $1721 25.—*P. C. Advertiser.*

Praise Service at the Chinese Church. on Sunday Evening.

A "new thing under the sun," never before seen or heard, was the Praise Service at the Chinese Church on Sunday Evening. The neat little church was most tastefully and profusely decorated with palms and ferns and flowers. At the hour appointed every available seat was occupied. As the bell ceased tolling, the children of the day school marched up each aisle, headed on one side by Miss Payson, and on the other by Frank W. Damon, under whose direction the whole service had been arranged. Then followed in quick succession hymns from the Chinese Choir, the congregation, the children, interspersed with solos, beautifully rendered by some of the sweet singers of our Honolulu Israel, and brief addressess from friends present. Every hymn or song on the programme was in the hymn book used by the Chinese Church. It is a book prepared by the Presbyterian Mission in Shanghae. The little children showed that even so unmusical a language, as is their own mother tongue, has not unfit them for learning the flowing or stirring melodies of our English hymnology. With but little training, they sing solo parts or in semi-chorus or in full chorus, introducing a strange variety of effect into the ordinary monotonous sing-song of our Celestial friends. One of their own women leads the regular Sunday singing on the melodeon, and one of the men does the same for their Sunday morning Sunday School, for which they have a special room and a smaller melodeon. As His Ex. Hon. H. A. P. Carter first said, "If we can get them to adopt our ideas and ways, the Chinese problem will settle itself very soon and very hopefully." We are informed that they have entered with equal ardor into the project of the Ladies' Fair to be held next Thursday evening in the Vestry of Fort Street Church. We print in full the programme of the Praise Service as in itself an item of peculiar and general interest.

PROGRAMME CHINESE PRAISE SERVICE

1 "Marching On".....School Children
2 Lords Prayer.....Chinese
3 Prayer.....English
4 "All Hail the Power," etc.....Congregation
5 Reading of Scripture.....English and Chinese
6 "I am Jesus' little lamb".....Children
7 Solo—"Jesus thy name I love".....Mrs. Cruzan
8 "Joyfully, Joyfully" etc.....Choir
9 Address.....Dr. Damon
10 "Just as I am".....Congregation
11 "Guide Me".....Mrs. Pierce
12 "Knocking" etc.....Choir
13 "Seeking Jesus".....Children
14 Address (Chinese).....Sit Moon
15 Solo—"What means this" etc.....Mrs. Simmons
16 "Nearer my God to thee".....Congregation
17 "I love to tell the story".....Choir
18 Address.....Dr. Hyde
19 "Dare to do right".....Children
20 Solo—"Rock of Ages".....Mrs. Cruzan
21 Address by His Ex. Hon. H. A. P. Carter, Minister of the Interior.
22 Address by J. T. Waterhouse Esq., Who is the originator of the Chinese Church building and the largest contributor to to its fund.
23 "From Greenland's".....Congregation
24 Words of acknowledgment to friends and of encouragement to the Chinese from F. W Damon
25 Prayer Chinese.....Sit Moon
26 "Praise God" etc.....Congregation
27 Benediction by.....Rev. Dr. Damon

Mr Lee Kan, one of the prominent Chinese merchants of Honolulu, once a pupil in Dr. Morrison's School, acted as interpreter.—*Saturday Press.*

THE CHINESE CHURCH.

PRAISE SERVICE LAST SUNDAY.

There are probably at this time about four thousand Chinese residents in Honolulu—or 25 per cent. of its population; a much larger percentage of this race in Honolulu than in San Francisco; and yet Honolulu can point to her Christian Chinese Church, whilst San Francisco has to acknowledge the presence of a Joss House. There are Chinese Christians, and a Chinese Christian service in San Francisco; but with her army of Caucasian Christian divines and people, the Joss House is a reproach to the great emporium of the Pacific.

The neat new Chinese Church on Fort-street presented a bright gala appearance on Sunday evening. The wall in the rear of the pulpit was tastefully decorated with beautiful fronds of ferns and palms. The pulpit was radiant with floral ornamentation; and before the small parlor organ, placed directly in front of the pulpit, stood a floral cross, exquisitely designed and arranged. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and there was a large Caucasian representation of ladies and gentlemen, mingled with mongolian friends. Along with the Revs. Damon, Hyde, Bishop, and Forbes, were the Crown Ministers His Excellency H. A. P. Carter, and His Excellency J. S. Walker and family; and a large company of prominent foreign citizens with their ladies; Goo Kim, L. Aseu, Lee Kan, and other influential Chinamen were also present,

Professor F. W. Damon, to whom is due the credit of giving a fresh impetus to the movement of Chinese education and Christianization, (commenced in a humble way by Rev. Dr. Damon and Mr. Dunscombe,) led the exercises of the evening. Prof. Damon and Miss Payson entered the church at the head of the interesting band of Chinese scholars, singing "Marching on," which produced an enlivening and exhilarating effect. And as they were marched with military precision into their seats, it was evident that China was marching on, and that a heart and an intelligent soul had resolved to marshal the Celestial Empire into the ranks of Christian progress on the narrow arena of our Hawaii nei. And what a glory for little Hawaii to be enlisted in an endeavor of so mighty import—one that seems sufficient indeed to arouse the ambition of angels.

After prayers and readings, succeeded some of the sweet minstrelsy of ladies, who have recently delighted the ears of listening congregations. Miss Carrie Castle presided at the organ with her fine musical touch, while Mrs. Cruzan sang

"Jesus, thy name I love."

And a little while afterwards,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."

Prof. Damon, referring to the sweet chaunt, said that the ladies were singing direct to the heart of China. We trust it may be so, and that heavenly Caucasian melody and Christian thought will touch, subdue, and win the Mongolian soul. But you must have patience, Professor, and not hope for speedy satisfying results; and you will have patience, no doubt, for your great and arduous work. As we noticed the contrast between the full-voiced Anglo-Saxon utterance of several gentlemen who made remarks, and, what seems to us, the monosyabic jerky twangs of the interpretation; we thought how wide were such races apart—and then recalled to mind an incident in point. When the Burlingame Embassy was in Europe, and the Chinese mandarins were present at a grand concert of string instruments; and inquiry was made to ascertain their appreciation of the performance, they said they liked it somewhat—especially a certain part, which was ascertained to be the tuning of the instruments. Ears accustomed to the tinkiting of the zitara and the rub-a-dub of the tamtam may not readily appreciate the grand symphonies of the Christian church organ, and the clear melodious flow of an exquisite Anglo-Saxon female voice; but we derive hope and encouragement from the thought,—that there is the same human heart everywhere, and the same inspiration of Divine Love which, being presented by a faithful and loving interpreter, as on this occasion, must win and triumph in the end.

Mrs. Pierce sang "Guide me" in her usual clear, sweet voice; and Mrs. Simmons sang "What means this," &c., "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by," with very pleasing effect.

The young Chinese women and men, and the children composing the choir of the church took an effective part in singing from their Shanghae hymn-books—"Seeking Jesus." "I love to tell the story;" and many others.

Mr. Sit Moon, the worthy and faithful colportuer preacher, delivered a short discourse to his people, which we doubt not was edifying; and we hope, by and by, to be instructed and interested by Chinese thought and discussion, through the interpretation of Prof. Damon.

This young gentleman, fresh from the scholarship and art of Europe, gives his cultured mind to the work of teaching, harmonizing, and Christianizing the Chinese in the Hawaiian Islands. This noble enterprise is of the mightiest import not only to the Christian seeking the welfare of souls, but to the statesman of Hawaii, who must see in such a co-operation the Hand of God shaping the destiny of the islands to most glorious results.

And this first Chinese praise service in Honolulu is the formal beginning of a new era for Hawaii. There was an informal beginning some time ago, when the faithful Dunscome commenced his little school. That was the "mustard seed" which, planted in faith, has grown up to be a tree that offers shelter to many inquiring Chinese souls; and being watered by the faith and love of a new and zealous soul endowed with numberless gifts, this spiritual tree shall, by God's grace, spread its benificent shelter over the islands, the ocean, and the mighty land of Sinim.—*P. C. Advertiser.*